oregon voice

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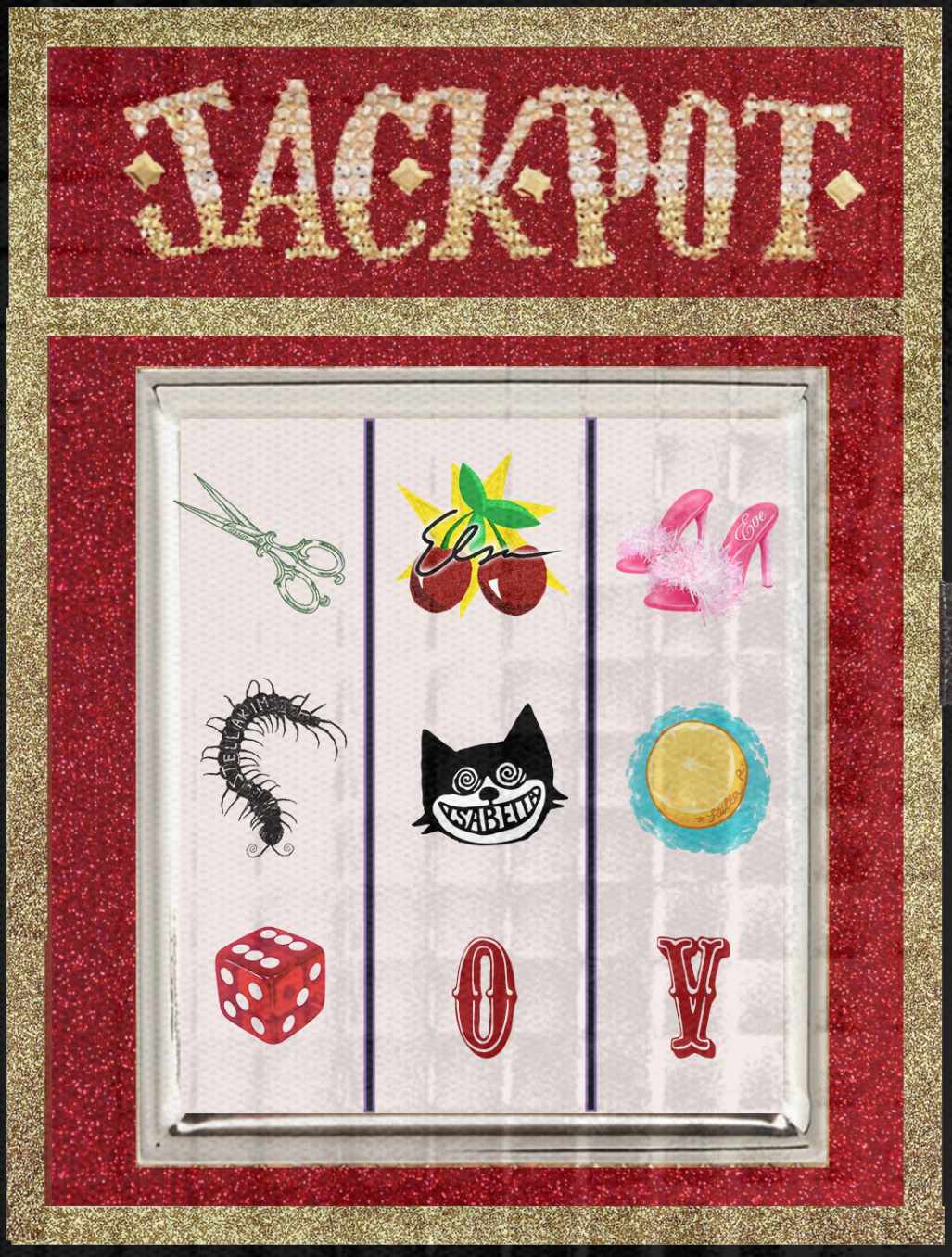
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World Famous
TATTOOS
MOM'S
BODY SHOP
PIERCING
ASHBURY
HAIGHT
AR I T C L
LOVE
HAIGHT
We Will
Be
We Will Survive

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Think about the last time you got lucky. Did you feel lucky, like the universe had taken your side? Or did you feel like you'd earned it?

Now think about the last time you felt unlucky. Did you feel unlucky, or did you feel like whatever happened was your fault?

It's funny, the way we think about luck. Sometimes it's from the stars and sometimes we make our own.

This issue of Oregon Voice is about comets and fortune cookies and scratch-off tickets that get those little metallic bits all over the place. It's also about stepping on cracks and breaking mirrors and getting caught in the rain without an umbrella. As you read, think about what it means to get lucky, and remember: even the luckiest pennies can leave a bad taste in your mouth.

Horoscopes

♈ Aries: This year provides you with much internal conflict; make sure to step out of yourself and question your beliefs, and don't worry, your community will support you.

♉ Taurus: New career opportunities are coming your way. Don't shy away from the unknown because it will lead to exactly where you are meant to be.

♊ Gemini: Be open to change and shifts this year; new doors are opening everywhere you go, so don't be afraid to go free.

♋ Cancer: Beware of making impulsive bets; they are risky and could leave you in debt.

♌ Leo: Take a step back this year and work behind the scenes. This may be difficult, but prioritizing alone time and self-reflection will help you grow into your character.

♍ Virgo: As this year progresses, be ready to release your fears and let the confidence roll in.

2026

♎ Libra: Get ready to feel the love as you share the opposite side of the scale with another. This may be the year you meet the one who balances you.

♏ Scorpio: Although you may want to focus on your career, your home life needs you, so stay balanced.

♐ Sagittarius: You need to put your ego aside to make room for others, remember to stay aligned with the things that feed your spirit and make you feel like yourself.

♑ Capricorn: Income will come in from every facet of your life and will serve you throughout the year. Take pride in the fact that you are laying the groundwork for your future.

♒ Aquarius: When you face power struggles in relationships, let the other go. Be sure to dig deep into yourself and discover your truth.

♓ Pisces: In order to succeed, you must create boundaries in all areas of your life.

LOTTERY TICKETS

BY PETER SHEPPARD

It's Friday afternoon. The end of the work week, and I finally get to go home. For a bit I've had this little tradition; I'll go to the gas station on the way home and pick up a lottery ticket. One of the big $50 ones you only get as a christmas present from your gambling addict uncle. I never win, but I'm not trying to. I just need to keep proving everyone wrong.
The air is cold, and the hum of the white lights in the store tell me I get to relax this weekend. I grab a six pack and ask the cashier for a card. I remember the first time I bought one; hands shaking showing the person behind the counter I actually was old enough. It has been a long time since I've been asked to show ID again, even for alcohol

I used to scratch them right in the parking lot. Then, there was a time where it was all I could focus on while I was on the way back. Maybe I had to pull over a time or two. After proving that I'm not lucky for so long, it feels like second nature. I could wait til I got home. Not like an addiction or anything, but I guess there's some peace in knowing that what others are saying isn't true?

My afternoon on Friday has stayed relatively the same, besides the time I scratch the card off. I cook dinner, maybe clean a little, turn on the TV. I'm not living with anyone, so the TV noise helps a little. When I'm done, it's time to go to the scratcher. There's already a quarter on the table.

Winning numbers: 02, 13, 15, 23. Same story, different day. I scratch half the rows with my head leaning against my fist. Nothing. Three fourths done. Nothing. I finally get to the last one, and scratch the number. 13. My eyes widen a little, but I'm not convinced. I win sometimes, but it's usually only a couple of dollars. Definitely not enough to pay off the whole card. I'm not that lucky. I scratch off the winning amount.

$10,000. The card and quarter drop from my hand. Ten thousand dollars. This can't be possible. I slump to the floor. Were they right this whole time? I turn around. On the mantle are photos of my mom, dad, little brother, and sister with flowers and candles all around.

I guess I really am lucky...

Lucky
7 7 7
Pays

ASK
AGAIN
LATER
8

Winter Rose

By M. G. Aichler

Roses get pruned every winter;
stems chopped to the base
so they flower better in the warmer seasons.

My friend says I am like a rose.
We sit in the floor—
I sit carefully
so my blood does not escape further
onto the carpet.
It drips out steadily
through plastic tubes
sucking it out from under my skin
to prevent infection.
Surgery and I are now familiar.

My friend says,
it's all painful now
but it will be so much easier come summer.
Good thing circumstances conspired
to cut me down right now
so it will not be slow ruin instead.
Many big hits to take at once
instead of slow repetition.

And I know.
I'm fortunate to end everything at once,
to be on the verge of something greater.
All my stems chopped off at once
to make way for brilliant future flowers.

But
three
deep
cuts
in
just
six
months

have taken their toll on my body.

And
stirring up
the muck
of my mind
and
ending
something
of a loving
kind

has taken its toll on my soul.

The blood is pulled out
to prevent infection.
Do I always have to bleed
to keep things from festering?
I keep the blood invisible,
hiding the tubes below my cardigan
like I hide my emotional wounds
behind a smile.

One day,
it will not be blood.
One day,
it will just be red.

Roses get pruned every winter;
stems chopped at the base
so they flower better in the warmer seasons.
I am fortunate the hardship has happened
when I have a safe place to hide it
from the outside.

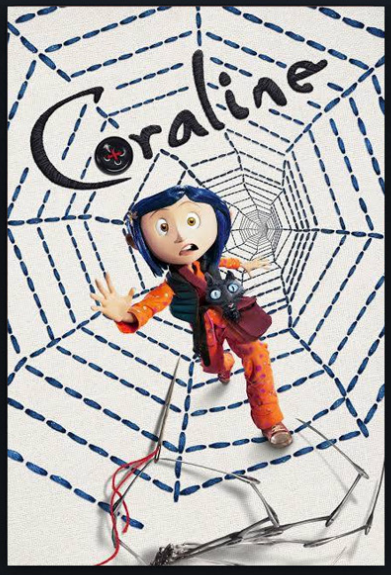
And when the summer comes
I will be fresh and new.
That's what my friend says:
"Lucky you."

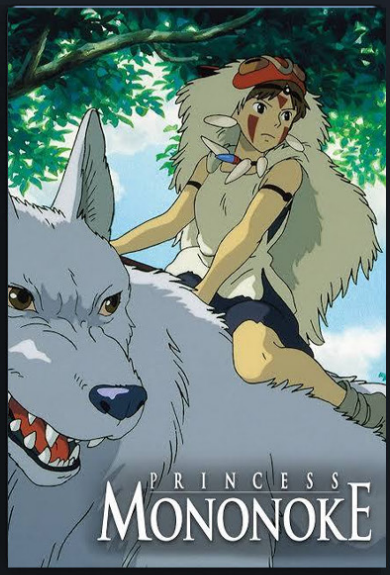
Letterboxd Wrapped

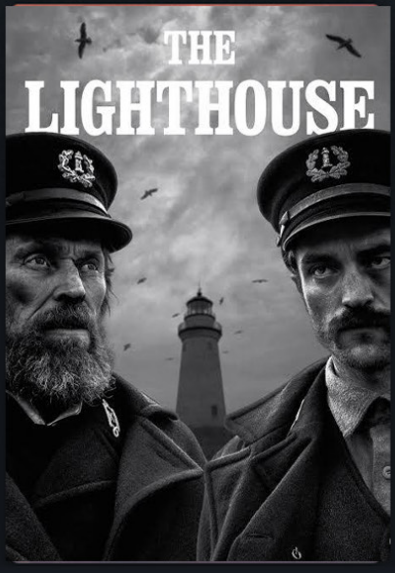
Oregon Voice Staff

EDIT PROFILE

FAVORITE FILMS







I
WANNA
GET
LUCKY

LETS
GET
LUCKY

LICK
ME!

"IT'S A LONG GAME."

By Helen Yancey

After weeks of what's felt like winning,
Lucky me,
I have yet to be sabotaged by a bad hand
Or a pair of snake eyes.
With my nauseating fear of losing,
You'd wonder why I continue to
Roll the dice at all,
in a high-risk gamble every time.
Why I wouldn't take my victories home
And put them in places and on pages
Where no one else can look at them but me,
Safe and protected from tarnishing.
It's strange to see,
But a person with ordinary hopes
Becomes bold when playing
A long game
With a prize too precious to name.

OREGON VOICE POLL

WHAT'S YOUR LUCKY SONG?

Clean Jeans - Remember Sports

Top Dog - Magdalena Bay

Punkrocker - Teddybears

Fantasy - Mariah Carey

Lucky Girl - The Gerbils

Garden of Delights - Lisa Loeb

Giants - lights

Get Lucky - Daft Punk

Lucky - Dora Jar

Run To The Sun - N.E.R.D

Lucky - Radiohead

Tropical - Plumtree

Good Luck Babe - Chappel Roan

Uncle Ace - Blood Orange

Eat Shit - lil mariko

Lovely Day - Bill Withers

Confidence - Kim

April Come She Will by - Simon & Garfunkel

Sovereign Light Café - Keane

Mesmerize - Chapterhouse

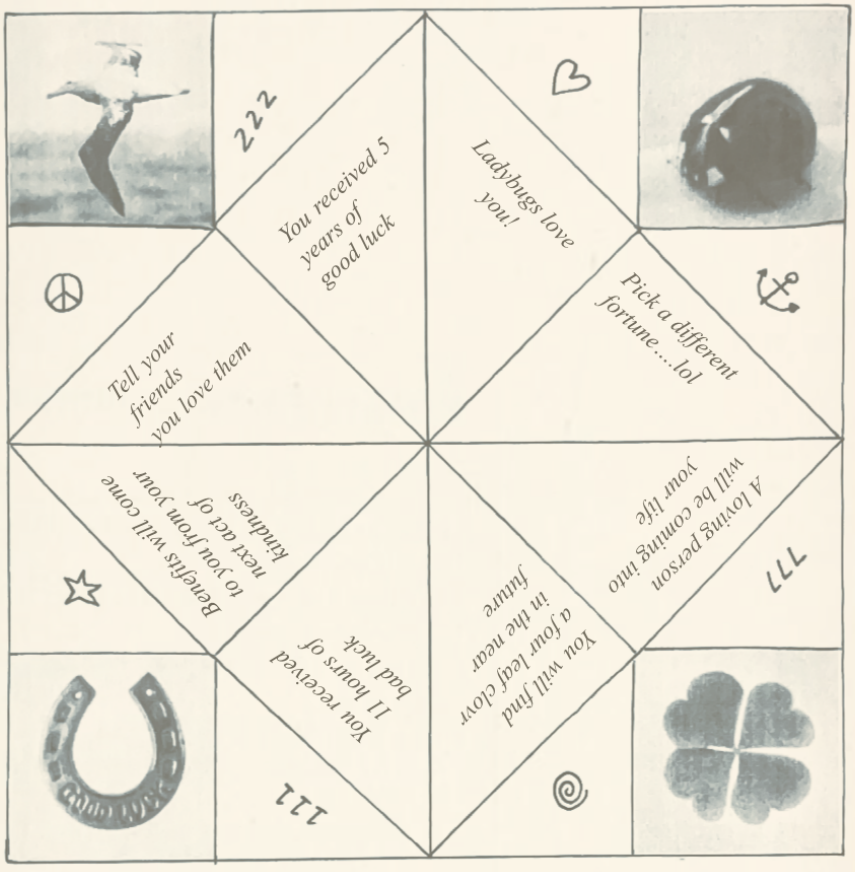
Banana pancakes - Jack Johnson

Magic 8 ball (cavetown, frankie, cosmos)

A
RE YO

UFEELING

Make your own fortune teller


222
You received 5 years of good luck
Ladybugs love you!
Tell your friends you love them
Pick a different fortune....lol
Benefits will come to you from your next act of kindness
You received 11 hours of bad luck
You will find a four leaf clovr in the near future
A loving person will be coming into your life
777
111

Instructions:

1. Cut out the square of paper above

2. Fold the square in half once, unfold, fold it the other way, unfold

3. Bring the corners to the center of the paper, Start with one of the bottom corners and fold it to the middle of the paper where the creases intersect

4. Turn your paper 90 degrees and fold the other bottom corner toward the center, Keep rotating and folding your paper until you've made a smaller square containing four triangles

5. Flip the paper over and fold each corner to the center again

6. Slide your fingers underneath the squares and lift up to use the fortune teller

Four Symbols Of Luck

Ladybug

Ladybugs are viewed by many to be a symbol of good luck. Some say that if one lands on you, you should count the spots to predict how many years of good luck you'll have.

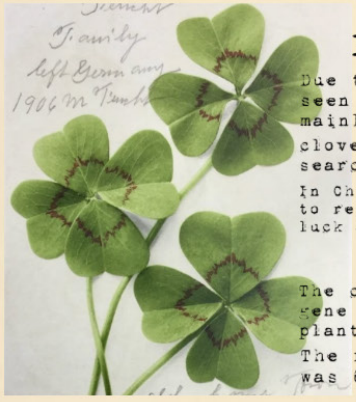
There is a saying "Ladybug, Ladybug, fly away home". Originating from 18th century England or earlier, this rhyme is taught to children to promote their protection as it is believed by some that the number of spots on their back is the number of years of good luck you will receive if you save one.

In turn, killing a ladybug is seen to bring you bad luck. The luck surrounding ladybugs likely came from farmers, as ladybugs defended their crops from pests.

Albatross

The Albatross is a renowned symbol of luck to sailors, believed to embody the souls of lost mariners. Killing one is believed to bring bad luck to the sailor and the crew largely due to the poem by Samuel Taylor Colridge, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (1798).

Old maritime folklore says that sighting one flying overhead was considered a good omen as the sailors believed that Albatross had come to protect them and give the wind needed to aid them on their voyage.



Four Leaf Clover

Due to their extreme rarity, four leaf clovers are seen as a great symbol of luck by multiple cultures, mainly Ireland. Dedicated clover hunters will go to clover patches and carefully scan these patches in search of these elusive leaves.

In Christian and Celtic culture, each leaf is believed to represent a specific virtue such as hope, faith, love, luck and/or faith.

The cause of the fourth leaf is caused by a recessive gene in clover plants. However, climate, soil, and plant health has an impact on clover leaf production. The record amount of leaves produced by one clover was 63!

Horseshoe

With origins not entirely known, one reason the horseshoe was believed to have become a symbol of luck was because of the story The Blacksmith and the Devil.

"One day a blacksmith was working in his shop forging horseshoes. Suddenly, the devil appeared and demanded his own shoes. The blacksmith, recognizing the devil, took a shoe and nailed it deep into the devil's hooves. The devil was in such excruciating pain, he ripped the horseshoes off and swore he would never go near one again." (Henderson, 2023)

The number seven also plays a part in the luck of the horseshoe. There are typically seven holes in horseshoes to secure them to a horses hoof. Seven is regarded as lucky in many cultures due to its prevalence in nature, ex. the seven seas, seven colors in the rainbow etc.

LITTLE SIGNS OF LUCK

As luck runs out
The daisies lace around our heads
And a funerary march sets a beat.
The vibrations of happy shoes traveling up,
The spine of the room shivers,
And old walls peel back paper.
Place pennies upon the eyes,
Flip it face up,
And see.
The laughing smiles,
The filled bellies and late happy nights,
And know that you are cherished, and so lucky.

BROKEN IN FRAGMENTS

China smooths under his skin,
Broken and chipped eyes,
Scattered across the floor of a mind,
As he palms the edges.
His reflection coos,
To break it further,
And give seven years,
"What if I?"
"Just-"
It's cooing a kindness in rot,
Lullabies of misfortune.

A CLOVER IN HAND

I press the petal-leaves down,
One, two, three and four,
A clover spread beautifully inside my palm.
A small sign of heaven in my hand
But I have already been to her steps,
Looked into her eyes
and the lands beyond.
Cotton pillows and rolling hills,
And each sunrise
I am awoken by the singing larks,
And a silver smile on rosie fields.
A gospel choir holds the note,
As I spread my fingers through clovers and daisies,
Inhaling the sweet smell of earth and love.
The petals-leaves inside my hand,
Each a month well spent,
And I am so lucky.

BY CARINA BELLENDAINE

are you the lucky kind?

LUCKY BY BRITNEY SPEARS
STAR TREATMENT BY ARCTIC MONKEYS
MAYBE THIS TIME BY LIZA MINNELLI
HOTEL CALIFORNIA BY EAGLES
I LOOKED AT YOU BY THE DOORS
LUCK BE A LADY BY FRANK SINATRA
CASINO QUEEN BY WILCO
BORN UNDER A BAD SIGN BY ALBERT KING
LUCKY ONES BY LANA DEL REY
VIVA LAS VEGAS BY ELVIA PRESLEY
MONEY, MONEY, MONEY BY ABBA
CURSED BY LORD HURON
FORTUNE TELLER BY ROBERT PLANT & ALISON KRAUSS
MONEY IS EVERYTHING BY ADDISON RAE
LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL NY LARRY JUNE, 2 CHAINS, THE ALCHEMIST
HOPE BY ARLO PARKS
KISS OF LIFE BY SADE
I'M LIKE A BIRD BY NELLY FURTADO

LISTEN TO THE FULL LUCKY PLAYLIST

GOOD FORTUNE

The sun and our spirits are high on the Thursday before she is to leave. We sit out on the back porch, listening to the cars rumble past and talking about nothing in particular.

I offer to grab fresh sodas from the fridge for everyone and go inside, the screen door screeching shut behind me. A pool of light wavers on the kitchen floor, warming my toes as I collect the drinks.

A strip of paper flutters off the fridge as I close it. A silly little fortune from an American Chinese restaurant we got takeout from years ago, just to make fun of the food.

“An opportunity to travel far will soon appear to you in the stars.”

We all laughed at it back then, the absurdity of fortunes and astrology taking over us. We came up with our own: “A horse with big teeth will soon appear to you.” “The moon will be especially large on the best day of your life.” “Someone meant to apologize to you yesterday but forgot and will do so tomorrow instead.”

I bend to pinch it out of the disintegrating grout and tuck it under an English alphabet letter magnet. F for fortune. The collection of photographs from her chubby baby days and the first day of high school and the day she received the letter are scattered and stacked, loosely framing the letter itself.

The sunlight nearly blinds me as I return outside. I place the soda cans on the wooden table, the pleasant pops and fizzing accompanying the white fading from my vision.

She turns to me and smiles. “I’m so excited for my Introduction to Astronomy class. I’ll be seeing different stars than we do here!” I promise to borrow our neighbor’s rusty telescope in a few weeks so I can compare what she describes to my view of the constellations.

On Saturday, we send her off at the airport all alone, and guilt grips my throat in a way I hadn't expected. I knew for years that this was the way it would be. One-way flight tickets are expensive enough that we mapped out months ago when she could come back and visit. Probably not until summer, which we kept secret until she began packing.

We stop at the grocery store on our drive back home, where we don't buy her favorite cereal or any mangoes. We buy just two pre-packaged pineapple buns instead of three. I pick up a magazine so I'll have something to read tonight instead of worrying and waiting for her phone call.

The streets seem quieter than they usually do, the children's playing subdued and the traffic less congested. We only have to honk at two motorcyclists.

As we sit down to eat breakfast the next morning, the shiny magazine cover catches my attention. I flip the cover open. "Horoscopes on page seven," announces the table of contents.

Mine says, "You will get a call from a loved one soon."

"It will be all you dreamed of," reads hers, simply.

The phone rings.

Written by Kimberly Bowman

wash
dishes

My Daughter in the Churchyard

By Sara Khoury

You were never the girl in the bubble.
Heart falling through the air as you hung
Slightly above the earth.
You were a teeth gritter and a skin tugger,
With a heart suspended in your ribcage.
Your feet forming little graves in the dirt.
You trapped the bugs in your mouth
And put them tight to bed.
My girl, almost bubble wrapped.
But that which was kept clean for
The comfort of a wandering eye
Or two, was forming a colony within.
My girl, I could not save you.
You were born morbid-
Taboo on your breath.
Your skin stretched apart
For a smile or even a cry.
And you held God between your fists.
My girl, pray only for me.
Let the rain take your sorrows.

Recipe

Grad School

Method Acting

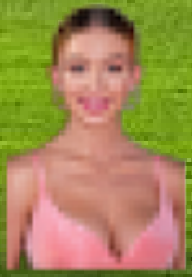
Looking like a child in your ID photo

Stupid Fucking People

My UO

Expiration Dates

No Redpod



Sydney Sweeney

Birth control making you sad

Splinter under your nails from digging in the dirt

Hair dye too orange

Running into your ex-situationship

Classic

Going back to Ibiza but Avicii is dead :(

Wolves in Love

LARPing

She-ra off Netflix

Bamboo Straws

Stray Cat Encounter

Red 40

Modern

People born with straight teeth

MSG making you lesbian

Blair Alley Church of the 80's

New music

Film roll turning out

5

THE 7:43

By Mehana Byrne

It's in moments I spend alone on the city bus that I feel the most human. It's really the only time I spend alone these days. Six minutes of surrounded solitude, watching the three long streets between my apartment and my office fly by through weather-stained windows.

I wait at the bus stop, stiffening to reality. The rain hits my unhooded scalp, rolling into my ears, cold and heavy. My bag hangs heavy, working the groove on my shoulder that its leather straps make their home. Vision blurred from another night spent lying in the dark, consumed by a tireless paralysis that grips my stomach and hammers in my head, only breaking to look up at the glowing green schedule. It comforts me, gently reassuring me that the bus will come in five minutes.

It stays five minutes for another six, then jumps to ARRIVING just as the steel creature turns the corner by the liquor store on my street. In all her glory, she appears in front of me. I wait eagerly for the doors to open and step out of my frigid life and into a warm, LED-lit haven of stale air and greet whoever Eugene has to offer me on this early morning.

As I hold on to the pole, I feel the shift of wheels turning as we fly away from home. To my left, an elderly construction worker sits in the back row, his eyes affixed on the spot on his worn shoes where his white sock peeks through. To my right, a high school-aged couple drapes themselves rather inappropriately across the disability accessible seating. I don't judge. You can't really judge those who share a bus. We're all going the same way anyway.

I think to myself, here I sit at the crossroads of humanity. Juvenile romantic recklessness meets the tiredness of experience. I stand still, feet apart for balance, feeling the magnetic pull of each side holding me in place. Unable to move, I examine the moments of my twenty-one-years of life through both the lenses of past and future. Fear of what's next, competing with the joy of moving on. Unbridled excitement for my life holds competing with a mourning of what I once had and never will again.

The crushing, beautiful responsibility of leading a life wraps my limbs like a blanket, warming me up and weighing me. Paralyzed, I stare out while my body tenses and relaxes, waving with the movements of the bus. The memories flash by faster as I hear the groans of the machinery pierce through my wired headphones, reminding me of what little time I have left on my magic carpet ride. It's almost over. I relish the feeling, akin only to the sadomasochistic joy of pressing on a bruise.

The whirlwind slows, and the halt comes all too soon. The bus screeches to a stop as I crawl out of my catharsis into the brightness of day. I release my sweating grip from the metal pole and feel my body brace to detach myself from this haven of melancholy. Stepping out, I feel the sharp wind welcome me back. I watch the bus depart, growing smaller in the distance, taking my secret vortex with it. I turn towards the busy road and join the masses once again. Time to start the day.

Oregon Voice Poll

What is Your Unluckiest Moment?

"Tripped up and down the stairs in a lecture of 250 :(not even 10 mins apart :((((“

"Hitting two cars by getting out while it was still in reverse"

"Got mono from my first kiss :/"

"Went to make mac n cheese after a very long day and the milk was expired."

"Spilling my matcha all over my lap in class"

"6 yeast infections in 3 months."

"When you step outside and it starts POURING"

50
HORNY
MISS MEAT

wish bone by
Lola Shavon

Heavy isthehand that
reachesforanother,
unburdened andunbent
bywayof runninglight.
Waitingfor ananswer
tocomein threes,or
breakintwo, oneside full
ofhopeand theother
adream, longoverdue.
Heaven setsthe game
inmotion, waging, a
goodol'tug named War.
MyHeaven, how she knows
thesteadypull oflove and luck
willforeverbe abloodsport.

O X A B T R D P E D D K T R I S Q A O Q M C T T Q
I G U P K L I Y Q U E G D W Q W C I H B S O F U W
R Z I R O B A T E M B S H K J Q T K I S P D O Z O
G X Y D P A D S T F Y Z S K U H G W G K Q W F N N
W P I E O F H N G F U I H O N H R Y C P U Z E W R
O W N G I S V T I B B A R Q R P Y A L W F V N D Y
U N V A I Y W P E B M H W O U C J B A P E F I W I
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X B Y U J X J Z J K Z E G J U F A E C E X D J X G
B Q E Y Q S X Z O N H L C C X A A H Z L R L O B H

LADYBUG
RABBIT
THIRTEEN
FINGERS CROSSED
SEVEN
WISHBONE
CLOVER
HARE

HORSESHOE
OMEN
SALT
UMBRELLA
BLACK CAT
FOUNTAIN
JACKPOT
PENNY

PLAYBOY

Oregon Voice Poll

WHAT'S YOUR LUCKY NUMBER?

333

14

6

11

2

8

4

24

180

81

7

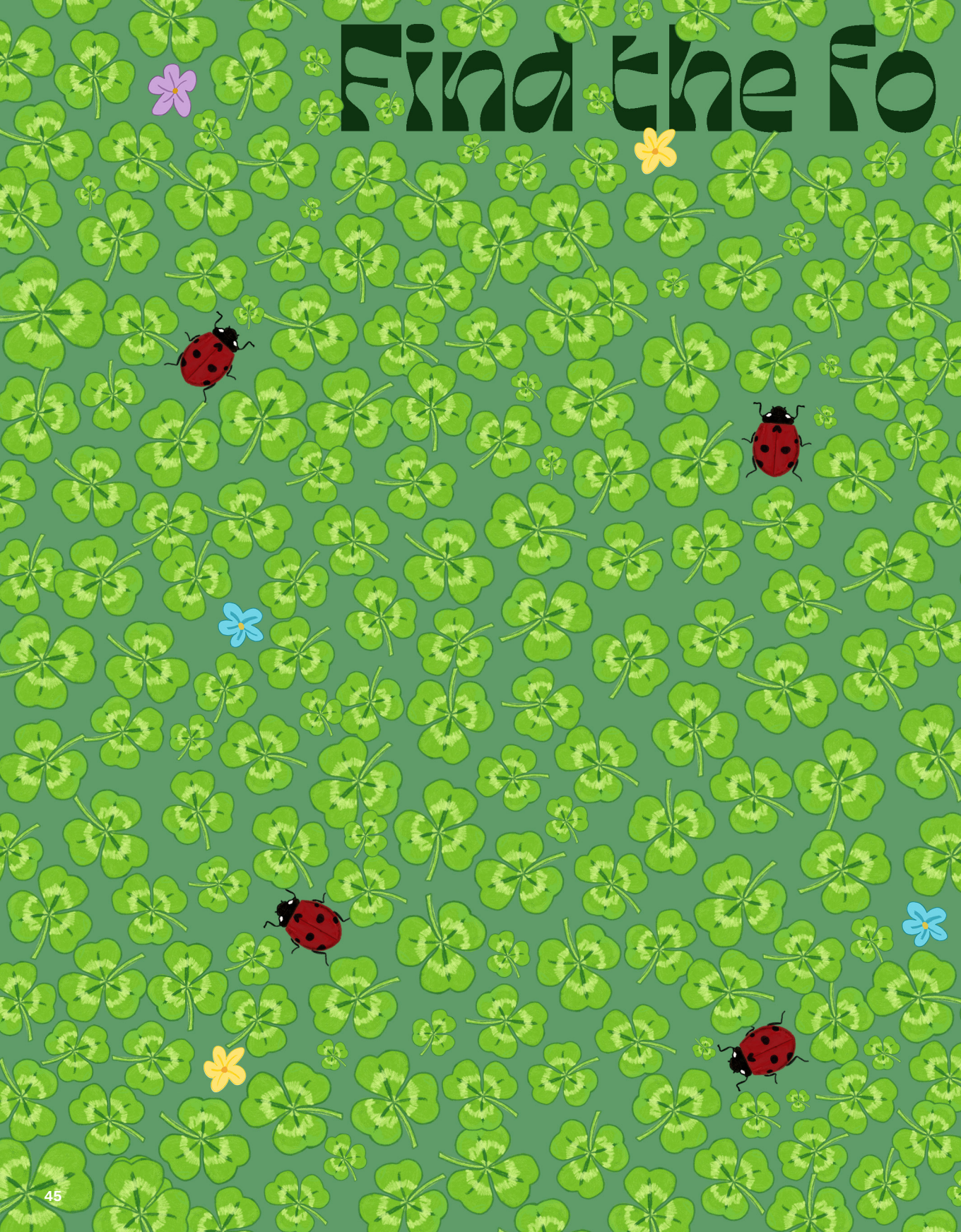
21

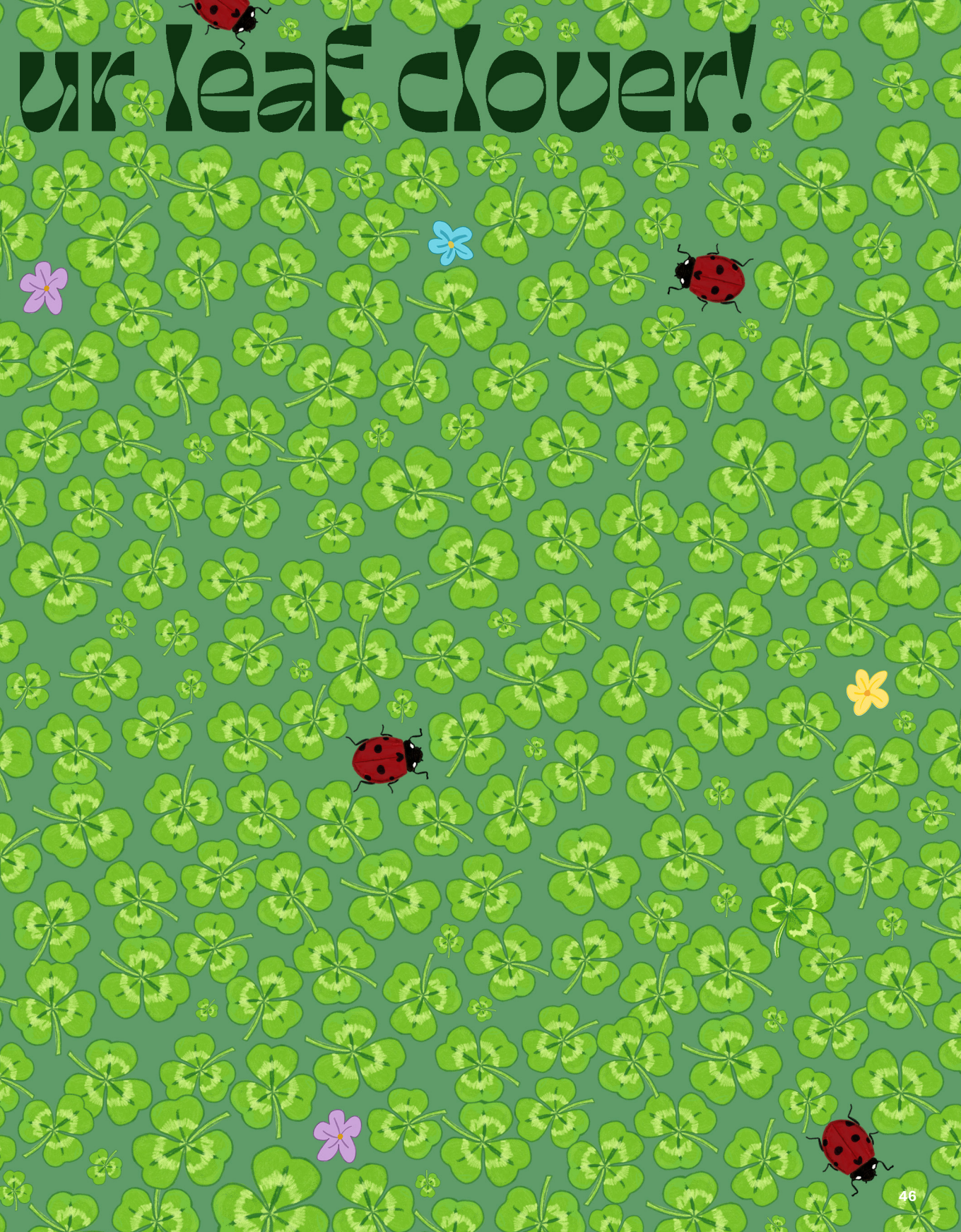
18

79

Bar
WELCOME
TO Fabulous
HELL
NEVADA

Find the fo




ur leaf clover!